

A  
COMMENT  
UPON THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Tom Thumb.

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— *Juvat immemorata ferentem  
Ingenuis oculisq; legi manibusq; teneri.* Hor.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-  
Hall. 1711. Price 3 d.

by Dr Wagstaffe a Physician. the work  
is a burlesque of much humour & levity  
on Addison's comment on Chevy Chase

COMMENT

UPON THE

HISTORY

OF

Tom Thump.



Printed by J. W. Smith, at the  
HOT.

LONDON

Printed for J. W. Smith, near Stationers-  
Hall, 1774. Price 3d.

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**I**T is a surprising thing that in an Age so Polite as this, in which we have such a Number of Poets, Criticks and Commentators, some of the best things that are extant in our Language shou'd pass unobserv'd amidst a Croud of inferiour Productions, and lie so long buried as it were, among those that profess such a Readiness to give Life to every thing that is valuable. Indeed we have had an Enterprising Genius of late, that has thought fit to disclose the Beauties of some Pieces to the World, that might have been otherwise indiscernable, and believ'd to have



been trifling and insipid, for no other Reason but their unpolish'd Homeliness of Dress. And if we were to apply our selves, instead of the Classics, to the Study of Ballads and other ingenious Composures of that Nature, in such Periods of our Lives, when we are arriv'd to a Maturity of Judgment, it is impossible to say what Improvement might be made to Wit in general, and the Art of Poetry in particular: And certainly our Passions are describ'd in them so naturally, in such lively, tho' simple, Colours, that how far they may fall short of the Artfulness and Embellishments of the *Romans* in their Way of Writing, yet cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualify'd for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance.

It was my good Fortune some time ago to have the Library of a School-Boy committed to my Charge, where, among other undiscover'd valuable Authors, I pitch'd upon *Tom Thumb* and *Tom Hickathrift*, Authors indeed more proper to adorn the Shelves of *Bodley* or the *Vatican*, than to be confin'd to the Retirement and Obscurity of a private Study. I have perus'd the first of these with an infinite Pleasure, and a more than ordinary Application, and have made some Observations on it, which may not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the Publick; and however it may have been ridicul'd, and look'd upon as an Entertainment only for Children, and those of younger Years, may be found perhaps a Performance not unworthy the Perusal of the Judicious, and the Model superiour to either of those incomparable Poems of *Chevy Chase*, or *The Children in the Wood*. The Design was undoubtedly



tedly to recommend Virtue, and to shew that however any one may labour under the Disadvantages of Stature or Deformity, or the Meanness of Parentage, yet if his Mind and Actions are above the ordinary Level, those very Disadvantages that seem to depress him, shall add a Lustre to his Character.

There are Variety of Incidents, dispers'd thro' the whole Series of this Historical Poem, that give an agreeable Delight and Surprise, *and are such as Virgil himself wou'd have touch'd upon, had the like Story been told by that Divine Poet*, viz. his falling into the Pudding-Bowl and others ; which shew the Courage and Constancy, the Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul of this little Hero, amidst the greatest Dangers that cou'd possibly befall him, and which are the unavoidable Attendants of human Life.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

The Author of this was unquestionably a Person of an Universal Genius, and if we consider that the Age he wrote in, must be an Age of the most profound Ignorance, as appears from the second Stanza of the first *Canto*, he was a Miracle of a Man.

I have consulted Monsieur *Le Clerk*, and my Friend Dr. *B---ly* concerning the Chronology of this Author, who both assure me, tho' Neither can settle the Matter exactly, that he is the most ancient of our Poets, and 'tis very probable he was a *Druid*, who, as *Julius Caesar* mentions in his *Commentaries*, us'd to deliver their

Precepts

Precepts in Poetry and Metre. The Author of *The Tale of a Tub*, believes he was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, and held the *Metempsychosis*; and Others that he had read *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and was the first Person that that ever found out the Philosopher's Stone. A certain Antiquary of my Acquaintance, who is willing to forget every thing he shou'd remember, tells me, He can scarcely believe him to be Genuine, but if he is, he must have liv'd some time before the *Barons Wars*; which he proves, as he does the Establishment of Religion in this Nation, upon the Credit of an old Monument.

There is another Matter which deserves to be clear'd, whether this is a Fiction, or whether there was really such a Person as *Tom Thumb*. As to this, my Friends tell me, 'Twas Matter of Fact, and that 'twas an unpardonable Omission in a certain Author, never once to mention him in his *Arthur's*, when nothing is more certain than that he was the greatest Favourite of that Prince, and a Person who had perform'd some very eminent Services for his Country. And indeed I can't excuse his taking no Notice of our Poet who has afforded him such Helps, and to whom he is so much oblig'd for the Model of those Productions: Besides it had been but a Debt of Gratitude, as Sir *Richard Blackmore* was a Member of the Faculty, to have made honourable mention of him who has spoke so honourably of the Profession, on the Account of the Sickness of his Hero.

I have an old Edition of this Author by me, the Title of which is more Sonorous and Heroical, than those of later Date, which for the better

better Information of the Reader, it may not be improper to insert in this Place. Tom Thumb *his Life and Death, wherein is declar'd his many marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonder and strange Merriment*: Then he adds, *which little Knight liv'd in King Arthur's Time in the Court of Great Britain*. Indeed there are so many spurious Editions of this Piece upon one Account or other, that I wou'd advise my Readers to be very cautious in their Choice, and it would be very wisely done, if they wou'd consult the curious *Ælianus* concerning this Matter, who has the choicest Collection of any Man in *England*, and understands the most correct Editions of Books of this Nature.

I have took a great deal of Pains to set these Matters of Importance in as clear a Light as we Criticks generally do, and shall begin with the first *Canto*, which treats of our Hero's Birth and Parentage, and Education, with some other Circumstances which you'll find are carry'd on in a manner not very inelegant, and cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a genuine and unprejudic'd Taste of Nature.

*In Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live ;  
A Man of mickle Might,  
The best of all the Table round,  
And eke a doubty Knight,  
In Stature but an Inch in Height,  
Or quarter of a Span ;*

Then



*Then think you not this worthy Knight  
Was prov'd a valiant Man.*

This Beginning is agreeable to the best of the Greek and Latin Poets; *Homer* and *Virgil* give an Idea of the whole Poem in a few of the first Lines, and here our Author draws the Character of his Hero, and shews what you may expect from a Person so well qualify'd for the greatest Undertakings.

In the Description of him, which is very fine, he insinuates, that tho' perhaps his Person may appear despicable and little, yet you'll find him an Hero of the most consummate Bravery and Conduct, and is almost the same Account *Statius* gives of *Tydeus*.

————— *Totos infusa per artus,  
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.*

If any suppose the Notion of such an Hero improbable, they'll find the Character *Virgil* gives *Camilla* to be as far stretch'd :

*Illa vel Intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset Aristas:  
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis  
Ferret Iter: celeres nec tingeret aquore plantas.*

But to proceed,

*His Father was a Plowman plain,  
His Mother milk'd the Cow,  
And yet a Way to get a Son  
This Couple knew not how,*

Until

Until such time the good old Man  
 To learned Merlin goes,  
 And there to him in deep Distress  
 In secret Manner shows,  
 How in his Heart he wish'd to have,  
 A Child in time to come,  
 To be his Heir, tho' it might be  
 No bigger than his Thumb.  
 Of which old Merlin was foretold,  
 That he his Wish shou'd have,  
 And so a Son of Stature small  
 The Charmer to him gave.

There is nothing more common throughout  
 the Poets of the finest Taste, than to give an  
 Account of the Pedigree of their Hero. So  
*Virgil,*

— *Aeneas quem Dardanio Anchise  
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undas.*

And the Manner of the Countryman's going  
 to consult *Merlin*, is like that of *Aeneas's* ap-  
 proaching the Oracle of *Delphos*.

— *Egressi veneramur Apollinis Urbem.*

And how naturally and poetically does he de-  
 scribe the Modesty of the Man, who wou'd be  
 content, if *Merlin* wou'd grant him his Request,  
 with a Son no bigger than his Thumb.

The Two next Stanza's carry on the  
 Idea with a great deal of Probability and Con-  
 sistence; and to convince the World that he

was born to be something more than Man, he produces a Miracle to bring him into it.

*Begot, and born in half an Hour,  
To fit his Father's Will.*

The following Stanza continues the Miracle, and brings the *Fairy Queen* and her Subjects, who gives him his Name, and makes him a Present of his Apparel.

*Whereas she cloath'd him fine and brave,  
In Garments richly fair,  
The which did serve him many Years  
In seemly sort to wear.*

So *Virgil* of Queen *Dido's* Present to *Ascanius* :

*Hoc Juvenem egregium prastanti munere donat.*

And again,

———— *Quem candida Dido  
Esse sui dederat Monumentum & pignus  
Amoris.*

The Description of his Dress is very agreeable, and is not unlike what I have met with somewhere of a Giant going a Fishing, with an Account of his Implements equal to his Proportion.

*His Hat made of an Oaken Leaf,  
His Shirt a Spider's Web,  
Both light and soft for these his Limbs  
That were so small bred.*

*His*



[ II ]

*His Hose and Doublet Thistle Down;  
Together wear'd full fine;  
His Stockings of an Apple green,  
Made of the outward Rind;  
His Garters were two little Hairs  
Pluck'd from his Mothers Eye;  
His Shoes made of a Mouse's Skin,  
And Tann'd most curiously.*

The next Stanza's relate his Diversions, bearing some Analogy to those of *Ascanius* and other Lads in *Virgil*:

*Thus like a valiant Gallant He  
Adventures forth to go,  
With other Children in the Street,  
His pretty Tricks to show.*

*Una Acies Juvenum ducit quam Parvus  
Ovantem  
Nomen Avi referens Priamus.*

There is a Piece of Revenge our little Hero took upon a Play-fellow, which proves, to what an height Mechanical and Experimental Philosophy was arriv'd to in that Age, and may be worth while to be considered by the *Royal Society*.

*Of whom to be reveng'd, he took  
In Mirth and pleasant Game,  
Black Pots and Glasses, which he hung  
Upon a bright Sun-Beam.*

The third Line is a Demonstration of the Antiquity of Drinking out of Black-Pots, which still prevails in most Counties of this Nation, among the Justices of Peace at their Petty and Quarter Sessions.

The last four Lines of this Canto, and the beginning of the next, contain the miraculous Adventure of the Pudding-Bowl: And, by the by, we may observe, That it was the Custom of the *Christians* at that time, to make Hog-Puddings instead of Mine'd-Pies at *Christmas*; a laudable Custom very probably brought up to distinguish 'em more particularly from the *Jews*.

*Whereas about a Christmas time,  
His Father an Hog had kill'd,  
And Tom to see the Pudding made,  
Fear that it should be spill'd;  
He sat, the Candle for to Light,  
Upon the Pudding-Bowl:  
Of which there is unto this Day  
A pretty Pastime told:  
For Tom fell in——*

Perhaps some may think it below our Hero to stoop to such a mean Employment as the Poet has here enjoyn'd him, of holding the Candle, and that it looks too much like a *Citizen*, or a *Cot*, as the Women call it: But if we reflect on the Obedience due to Parents, as our Author undoubtedly did, and the Necessities those People labour'd under, we cannot but admire at his ready Compliance with what could by no Means be agreeable to the Heroical Bent of his Inclinations, and perceive what a tender Regard he had for the Wellfare of his Family, when he took the strictest Care imaginable for the Preservation of the Hog-Pudding. And what can be more remarkable? What can raise the Sentiments of Pity and Compassion to an higher Pitch, than to see an Hero fall into such an unforeseen Disaster in the honourable Execution of his Office?

*This*

*This certainly is conformable to the way of Thinking among the Ancient Poets, and what a good-natur'd Reader cannot but be affected with.*

The following Part of this Canto is the Relation of our Hero's being put into a Pudding, and convey'd away in a Tinker's Budget ; which is design'd by our Author to prove, if it is understood literally, That the greatest Men are subject to Misfortunes. But it is thought by Dr. B--tly to be all Mythology, and to contain the Doctrine of the Transmutation of Metals, and is design'd to shew, that all Matter is the same, tho' very differently Modified. He tells me, he intends to publish a distinct Treatise of this Canto ; and I don't question, but he'll manage the Dispute with the same Learning, Conduct, and good Manners, he has done others, and as Dr. Salmon uses in his Corrections of Dr. Sydenham and the Dispensatory.

The next Canto is the Story of Tom Thumb's being Swallow'd by a Cow, and his Deliverance out of her, which is treated of at large by Giordano Bruno in his *Spaccio de la Bestia trionfante* ; which Book, tho' very scarce, yet a certain Gentleman, who has it in his Possession, has been so obliging as to let every Body know where to meet with it. After this, you find him carried off by a Raven, and swallow'd by a Giant ; and 'tis almost the same Story as that of *Ganimede*, and the Eagle in *Ovid*.

Now by a Raven of great Strength,  
Away poor Tom was born.

*Nec mora : percusso mendacibus aere pennis  
Abripit Iliaden.*



A certain great *Critick* and *Schoolmaster* who has publish'd such Notes upon *Horace* as were never seen before, is of Opinion, and has very good Authority for what he says, that 'twas rather an Owl than a Raven; for, as he observes with a wonderful deal of Penetration and Sagacity, our Hero's Shoes were made of a Mouse's Skin which might induce the Owl to run away with him. The Giant, he owns, looks very probable, because we find 'em swallowing People very fast in almost all Romances.

This Canto concludes with our Hero's Arrival at Court; after he had spent a considerable Part of his Youth in Labours and Fatigues, had been inur'd to nothing else but Hardships and Adventures, we see him receive the Recompence of his Merit, and become the Favourite of his Prince: And here we may perceive all the Fineness of the Gentleman, mixt with all the Resolution and Courage of the Warriour; We may behold him as ready to oblige the Ladies with a Dance, as he was to draw his Sword in their Defence.

*Amongst the Deeds of Courtship done,  
His Highness did command,  
That he shou'd dance a Galliard brave  
Upon the Queen's Left Hand.  
The which he did——*

This shews he had all the Accomplishments of *Achilles* who was undoubtedly one of the best Dancers in the Age he liv'd, according to the Character *Homer* gives him so frequently of the Agility of his Feet. I have consulted a Master of the Profession of Dancing, who is excellently vers'd in the Chronology of all Dances, he tells me that  
this

this *Galliard* came into Vogue about the latter End of the Reign of *Uter Pendragon*, and continu'd during that of King *Arthur*, which is Demonstration to me that our Poet liv'd about that Age.

It is asserted very positively in the later Editions of this Poem, that the four following Lines are a Relation of the King and *Tom Thumb*'s going together an Hunting, but I have took indefatigable Pains to consult all the *Manuscripts* in *Europe* concerning this Matter, and I find it an *Interpolation*. I have also an *Arabick Copy* by me, which I got a *Friend* to translate, being unacquainted with the Language, and it is plain by the Translation, that 'tis there also *interpolated*.

Now after that the King wou'd not  
Abroad for Pleasure go,  
But still *Tom Thumb* must go with him  
Plac'd on his Saddle Bow.

————— *Ipse Uno graditur comitatus Achate.*

There is scarcely any Scene more moving than this that follows, and is such an one as wou'd have shined in *Homer* or *Virgil*. When he was favour'd with his Prince's Ear, and might have ask'd the most profitable and important Posts in the Government, and been indemnified if guilty of a *Peculatus*; He only used his Interest to relieve the Necessities of his Parents, when another Person wou'd have scarcely own'd 'em for his Relations. This discovers such a Generosity of Soul, such an Humility in the greatest Prosperity, such a tender Affection for his Parents, as is hardly to be met with, but in our Author.

And

*And being near his Highness Heart  
 He crav'd a wealthy Boon,  
 A noble Gift, the which the King  
 Commanded to be done ;  
 To relieve his Father's Wants,  
 And Mother being old.*

The rest of this Canto relates the Visit to his Father, in which there is something very soft and tender, something that may move the Mind of the most polite Reader, with the inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion.

The Next Canto of the Tilts and Tournaments, is much like the Fifth Book of *Virgil*, and tho' we can't suppose our Poet ever saw that Author, yet we may believe he was directed to almost the same Passages, by the same kind of Poetical Genius, and the same Copyings after Nature.

*Now he with Tilts and Tournaments,  
 Was entertained so,  
 That all the rest of Arthur's Knights  
 Did him much Pleasure show ;  
 And good Sir Lancelot of Lake,  
 Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy ;  
 But none like to Tom Thumb  
 For Acts of Chivalry.*

*Longeque ante omnia Corpora Nisus  
 Emicat*————

*And agen,  
 Post Elymus subit, & nunc tertia palma Diores.*



*In Honour of which noble Day,  
And for his Lady's Sake,  
A Challenge in King Arthur's Court,  
Tom Thumb did bravely make.*

*Talis prima Dares caput altum in praelia tollit,  
Ostenditq; humeros latos, alternaq, lætat  
Brachia portendens, & verberat ictibus auras,  
Queritur huic alius:————*

*'Gainst whom those noble Knights did run,  
Sir Chion and the rest,  
But, still Tom Thumb with all his Might  
Did bear away the best.*

*Et primum ante omnes victorem appellat  
Acesten.*

At the same time our Poet shews a laudable  
Partiality for his Hero, he represents Sir Lancelot  
after a manner not unbecoming so bold  
and brave a Knight.

*At last Sir Lancelot of Lake,  
In manly sort came in,  
And with this stout and hardy Knight  
A Battle to begin.*

*Huic contra Æneas, speculatus in agmine longo  
Obvius ire parat ———*

*Which made the Courtiers all aghast.*

*Obstupere animi————*

This Canto concludes with the Presents made  
by the King to the Champion according to the  
C Custom

Custom of the *Greeks* and *Romans* in such Cases ; only his tumbling thro' the Queen's Ring is observable, and may serve to give some Light into the Original of that ingenious Exercise so much practis'd by the Moderns, of tumbling thro' an Hoop.

The last Canto treats of the Champion's Sickness and Death, and whoever considers the Beauty, Regularity and majestic Simplicity of the Relation, cannot but be surpris'd at the Advances that may be made in Poetry by the Strength of an uncultivated Genius, and may see how far Nature can proceed without the Ornamental Helps and Assistances of Art. The Poet don't attribute his Sickness to a Debauch, to the Irregularity or Intemperance of his Life, but to an Exercise becoming an Hero ; and tho' he dies quietly in his Bed, he may be said in some measure to die in the Bed of Honour. And to shew the great Affection the King had for him, he sends for his Physicians, and orders all the Care imaginable to be taken for the Conservation of his Life.

*He being slender and tall,  
This cunning Doctor took  
A fine perspective Glass, with which,  
He did in Secret look.*

It is a Wonder that the learned World shou'd differ so in their Opinions concerning the Invention and Antiquity of Optic Glasses, and that any one should contend for *Metius* of *Alcmaer*, or, as *Dr. Plot* does, for *Fryar Bacon*, when, if this Author had been consulted, Matters might have been so easily adjusted. Some great Men indeed

deed wou'd prove from hence, our Knight was the Inventor of 'em, that his Valet might the more commodiously see to dress him; but if we consider there were no Beau's in that Age, or reflect more maturely on the Epithet here given to the Doctor, we may readily conclude, that the Honour of this Invention belongs more particularly to that ingenious Profession.

How lovely is the Account of the Departure of his Soul from his Body :

*And so with Peace and Quietness  
He left the World below.*

*Placidaq, demum ibi morte quievit.*

*And up into the Fairy Land  
His Soul did fleeting go.*

—— *At Aethereas repetit mens ignea sedes.*

*Whereas the Fairy Queen receiv'd  
With happy Mourning Cheer  
The Body of this valiant Knight,  
Whom she esteem'd so dear;  
For with her dancing Nymphs in Green  
She fetch'd him from his Bed,  
With Musick and with Melody,  
As soon as Life was fled.*

—— *Et fotum gremio Dea tollit in Altos  
Idaliæ lucos*——

So one of our Modern Poets ;



*Thither the Fairys and their Train resort,  
And leave their Revels, and their midnight Sport.*

We find in all the most celebrated Poets  
some Goddes that takes upon her to be the pe-  
culiar Guardian of the Hero, which has been  
carry'd on very elegantly in this Author.

But agen ;

*For whom King Arthur and his Knights,  
Full forty Days did mourn,  
And in Remembrance of his Name,  
Who was so strangely born,  
He built a Tomb of Marble grey,  
And Year by Year did come,  
To celebrate the Mournful Day,  
And Burial of Tom Thumb,  
Whose Fame lives here in England still,  
Among the Country sort,  
Of whom their Wives and Children small,  
Tell Tales of pleasant Sport.*

So Ovid ;

— *Luētus monumenta manebunt  
Semper Adoni mei, repetitaq; mortis Imago  
Annua plangoris peragit simulamina Nostri.*

Nor is this Conclusion unlike one of the best  
Latin Poems this Age has produc'd.

*Tu Taffi Aeternum vives, tua munera Cambri  
Nunc etiam Celebrant, quotiesq; revolvitur  
Annus*

Te

*Te memorant, Patrium Gens tota tuetur  
Honorem,  
Et cingunt viridi redolentia tempora Porro:*

And now, tho' I am very well satisfied with this Performance, yet, according to the usual Modesty of us Authors, I am oblig'd to tell the World, *it will be a great Satisfaction to me, knowing my own Insufficiency*, if I have given but some Hints of the Beauties of this Poem, which are capable of being improv'd by those of greater Learning and Abilities. And I am glad to find by a Letter I have receiv'd from one of the *Literati* in *Holland*, That the learned *Huffius*, a great Man of our Nation, is about the Translation of this Piece into *Latin Verse*, which he assures me will be done with a great deal of Judgment, in case he has enough of that Language to furnish out the Undertaking. I am very well Appris'd, That there has been publish'd Two Poems lately, Intituled, The Second and Third Parts of this Author; which treat of our little Hero's rising from the Dead in the Days of King *Edgar*: But I am inform'd by my Friend the *Schoolmaster*, and others, That they were compos'd by an Enthusiast in the last Century, and have been since Printed for the Establishment of the Doctrine of Monsieur *Marion* and his Followers, and the Resurrection of Dr. *Ems*.

I hope no Body will be offended at my asserting Things so positively, since 'tis the Priviledge of us *Commentators*, who understand the meaning of an Author Seventeen Hundred Years after he has wrote, much better than ever he cou'd be suppos'd to do himself. And certainly, a  
Critick

Critick ought not only to know what his Authors Thoughts were when he was Writing such and such Passages, but how those Thoughts came into his Head, where he was when he wrote, or what he was doing of; whether he wrote in a Garden, a Garret, or a Coach; upon a Lady, or a Milkmaid; whether at that Time he was scratching his Elbow, drinking a Bottle, or playing at Questions and Commands. These are material and important Circumstances so well known to the *True Commentator*, that were *Virgil* and *Horace* to revisit the World at this time, they'd be wonderfully surpris'd to see the minutest of their Perfections discover'd by the Assistances of *Modern Criticism*. Nor have the *Classicks* only reap'd Benefit from Inquiries of this Nature, but Divinity it self seems to be render'd more intelligible. I know a Divine, who understands what *St. Paul* meant by *Higher Powers*, much better than that Apostle cou'd pretend to do; and another, That can unfold all the Mysteries of the *Revelations* without Spectacles.

I know there are some People that cast an Odium on me, and others, for pointing out the Beauties of such Authors, as have, they say, been hitherto unknown, and argue, That 'tis a sort of Heresie in Wit, and is like the fruitless Endeavours of proving the Apostolical Constitutions *Genuine*, that have been indisputably *Spurious* for so many Ages: But let these Gentlemen consider, whether they pass not the same Judgment on an Author, as a Woman does on a Man, by the gayety of his Dress, or the gaudy Equipage of his Epithets. And however they may call me *second-sighted*, for discerning what they are



are Blind to, I must tell them this Poem has not been altogether so obscure, but that the most refin'd *Writers* of this Age have been delighted with the reading it. *Mr. Tho. D'Urfey*, I am told, is an Admirer, and *Mr. John Danton* has been heard to say, more than once, he had rather be the Author of it than all his Works.

How often, *says my Author*, have I seen the Tears trickle down the Face of the Polite *Woodwardius* upon reading some of the most pathetical Encounters of *Tom Thumb* ! How soft, how musically sorrowful was his Voice ! How good Natur'd, how gentle, how unaffected was the Ceremoniale of his Gesture, and how unfit for a Profession so Merciless and Inhumane !

I was perswaded by a Friend to write some Copies of Verses and place 'em in the Frontispiece of this Poem, in Commendation of My self and my *Comment*, suppos'd to be compos'd by *AG. FT. LM. RW.* and so forth. To their very worthy and honour'd Friend *C. D.* upon his admirable and useful *Comment* on the History of *Tom Thumb* ; but my Bookseller told me the Trick was so common, 'twou'd not answer. Then I propos'd a Dedication to my Lord *such an One*, or *Sir Thomas such an One* ; but he told me the Stock to be rais'd on Dedications was so small now a Days, and the Discount to my Lord's Gentleman, &c. so high, that 'twou'd not be worth while ; besides, says he, it is the Opinion of some Patrons, that a Dinner now and then, with, *Sir, I shall expect to see you sometimes*, is a suitable Reward for a publick Compliment in Print. But if, continues my Bookseller, you have a Mind it shou'd

thou'd turn to Advantage, write Treason or  
 Heresy, get censur'd by the Parliament or Con-  
 vocation, and condemn'd to be burnt by the  
 Hands of the common Hangman, and you can't  
 fail having a Multitude of Readers, by the same  
 Reason, *A notorious Rogue has such a Number of  
 Followers to the Gallows.*



**F I N I S.**





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